THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 17, 1801.

ANECDOTE *of* MR. POWELL *and* MR. PROGER.

[From Coxe's Hiſtorical Tour in Monmouthſhire.]

MR. Lorimer pointed out to me a window remarkable for a curious anecdote, relating to the conteſt for precedence between the rival houſes of Perthir and Werndee, which, though leſs bloody, was not leſs obſtinate, than that between the houſes of York and Lancaſter. Mr. Proger dining with a friend at Monmouth, propoſed riding to Werndee in the evening; but his friend objecting, becauſe it was late and likely to rain, Mr. Proger replied, "With regard to the lateneſs of the hour, we ſhall have moon-light; and ſhould it happen to rain, Perthir is not far from the road, and my couſin Powell will, I am very ſure, give us a night's lodging." They accordingly mounted their horſes, but being ſoon overtaken by a violent ſhower, rode to Perthir, and found all the family retired to reſt. Mr. Proger, however, calling to his couſin, Mr. Powell opened the window, and looking out, aſked, "In the name of wonder, what means all this noiſe? Who is there?"—"It is only I, your couſin Proger of Werndee, who am come to your hoſpitable door for ſhelter from the inclemency of the weather, and hope you will be ſo kind as to give me and my friend a lodging."—"What! is it you, couſin Proger? you and your friend ſhall be inſtantly admitted, but upon one condition, that you will allow, and never hereafter diſpute, that I am the head of the family."—"What did you ſay?" returned Mr. Proger. "Why I ſay, if you expect to paſs the night in my houſe, you muſt allow that I am the head of the family."—"No, Sir, I never would admit that; were it to rain ſwords and daggers, I would ride this night to Werndee, rather than lower the conſequence of my family. Come up, Bald, come up."—Stop a moment, couſin Proger;

have you not often confeſſed, that the firſt Earl of Pembroke, (of the name of Herbert) was the youngeſt ſon of Perthir, and will you ſet yourſelf above the Earls of Pembroke?"—"True, I muſt give place to the Earl of Pembroke, becauſe he is a peer of the realm; but ſtill, though a peer, he is of the youngeſt branch of my family, being deſcended from the fourth ſon of Werndee, who was your anceſtor, and ſettled at Perthir; whereas I am deſcended from the eldeſt ſon. Indeed my couſin Jones of Lanarth, is of an older branch than you, and yet he never diſputes that I am the head of the family."—"Why, couſin Proger, I have nothing more to ſay, ſo good night to you."—"Stop a moment, Mr. Powell," ſaid the ſtranger, "you ſee how it pours, do admit me at leaſt; I will not diſpute with you about our families."—"Pray, Sir, what is your name, and where do you come from?"—"My name is ***, and I come from the county of ***."—"A Saxon of courſe; it would be very curious indeed, Sir, ſhould I diſpute with a Saxon about families; no, Sir, you muſt ſuffer for the obſtinacy of your friend, and ſo a pleaſant ride to you both."

ACCOUNT *of* MADRID.

[From Link's Travels in Portugal, tranſlated by Hinckley.]

THE interior of the houſes, even thoſe of conſiderable ſize, by no means agree with the external appearance of the town. The entrances are narrow and awkward, and the apartments crowded together without order. Charles III. who changed Madrid from a filthy wretched village to a charming capital, could not force his reforms into the interior of the houſes, where filth and dirt ſtill prevail. We even found it ſo in one of the firſt inns, called the Croſs of Malta. The common people, who fill the ſtreets, accord with this deſcription. They are dreſſed entirely in brown cloth, made of the brown wool of the country, wear a brown cap, and often brown ſpatterdaſhes; but their ſhoes are leather, thoſe of wood being unknown throughout Spain. Brown is a very general colour; and even the military wear ſhort brown coats. In other reſpects, the men, even to the loweſt claſſes, are dreſſed like the Germans and the French. However, the better kind of artiſans wear a hair-net, called *redeſilla* or *coſia*, and a jacket with a vaſt number of ſmall buttons; but perſons of condition generally wear, as with us Germans, a white cloak, and ſword, and ſeldom uſe boots. The women, generally ſpeaking, adhere more cloſely to the true Spaniſh dreſs than the men; for of the latter, the firſt people dreſs exactly as throughout the reſt of Europe, except in ſome trifles; but in other reſpects, the Spaniſh dreſs extends to perſons

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of conſiderably high rank, and to perſons, who, according to our German cuſtoms, dreſs almoſt in the ſame ſtyle as the firſt claſs of ſociety. The black ſilk *mantilla* or veil, which ends before, in a crape, and covers the face, ſometimes entirely, ſometimes in part, a ſhort and generally black petticoat, like the veil, adorned with fringe or Vandykes, which, like that, does not entirely conceal the figure, conſtitute the peculiarity of this dreſs among perſons of eaſy circumſtances. Their ſhoes were at this time worn with high pointed heels; but the upper leather, according to a faſhion borrowed from the reſt of Europe, was of a different colour. Their hollow but black and fiery eyes, their ſlender and ſomewhat too meagre ſhape, the abſence of a freſh and ruddy bloom, the yellow hue which aſſumes its place, and their legs, which are often bare up to the calves, give them altogether an unpleaſant, but at the ſame time a licentious look.

The inhabitants of Spain are not ſo fond of promenades as the French (who have one in every ſmall place), but more than the Portugueze. Every large town has its *alameda* or promenade, ſo called from the *alamo* a poplar, with which they were originally planted. The poplar has in all ages been a favourite tree of the poets, by whom it has been much celebrated, perhaps becauſe no tree of equal beauty grows ſo eaſily and rapidly in this climate. The poplars along the banks of the Manzanares are well known to the readers of old Spaniſh poetry. The Prado is now the uſual promenade, where in the morning perſons of high rank are ſeen both on foot and on horſeback; but after the *ſieſta*, or afternoon-nap, the whole is filled with ſplendid equipages, which, according to a cuſtom peculiar to Spain, daily perform the ſame dull round, following each other during an hour or two, up one mall and down another, in a ſlow and tedious proceſſion, without ſeeing any one but foot paſſengers of inferior condition, or the other coaches which happen to be in the oppoſite rank, and forming the moſt irkſome amuſement that poſſibly can be imagined: nor did I, after the firſt time I had experienced it, ever conſent to endure it again. Sometimes a few coaches are ſeen without the gate, between the rows of trees on the road to Aranjuez. But who could be the bold adventurer, who firſt braved the laws of etiquette by taking his pleaſure without the gate?

Madrid appears a very dead place except at the time of the promenade in the Prado, or in the morning, at ſome part where a celebrated maſs is to be read. A great city, ſituate on a brook in an ungrateful country, where manufactures only flouriſh by means of extraordinary exertion and encouragement, and where the court reſides but a few weeks in the year, is great but by force, and that force is every where perceived. At Madrid there is a great ſcarcity of amuſements, which are therefore ſupplied by devotion, and its ſiſter paſſion love. In Spain, the ſtage is very poor; and at both the theatres at Madrid, in

general, bad pieces are performed by miſerable players. One, however, of the actreſſes, who was not a bad performer, at this time ſhone in heroic parts. In this reſpect the Spaniards are even inferior to the Portugueze, and have nothing to compare with the excellent opera at Liſbon. Spaniards ſeldom invite company to dinner, and more rarely, if ever, to ſupper. They confine themſelves to tertullas, where tea is given, and great quantity of ſweatments devoured, at which Bourgoing expreſſed ſo much ſurpriſe. But that writer is miſtaken in applauding the temperance of the lower orders, and aſſerting, that no man but a foreigner is ever ſeen drunk at Madrid. I have ſeen many Spaniards drunk, and the Walloon ſoldiers may in ſome meaſure be excuſed for this vice, when, inſtead of the four wine of Germany and Italy, they can purchaſe the fiery La Mancha for a trifle.

The climate of Madrid is in general very agreeable, the air being warm, and rain uncommon; for the frontier mountains of Caſtile ſeem to keep off the clouds, which I frequently ſaw, when the wind was north, reſting upon, and hiding their ſummits, before they deſcended to the adjacent country. In ſummer the air is burning hot, no ſea-breezes lending their aid to cool it, and in winter uncommonly cold; I have often ſeen the Manzanares covered with ice. This extreme cold, in ſo ſouthern a latitude, undoubtedly ariſes from the high ſituation of the town, as the conſtantly low ſtate of the barometer, and the continual deſcent to approach the banks of the Tagus, which from Aranjuez to Liſbon has alſo a conſiderable fall, ſufficiently prove.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The POWERS *of* FANCY;

Addreſſed to my Friend R—— M——, of M—z—n, Cornwall.

I Have often found, my deareſt friend, a ſecret wiſh ariſing in my boſom, to poſſeſs feelings leſs ſuſceptible of tender emotions: but, alas! in vain. Forſaken by the object of my ardent deſires, I find no reſt, or the hope of a relief, from the pangs of a love-ſick ſoul. Little does the noiſe and confuſion of a populous town agree with the melancholy gloom that preys on my ſpirits; With an intent, therefore, to enjoy the meditations of a ſolitary hour, amidſt the ſilent groves of a neighbouring valley, I left, with a dejected heart, the crowded ſtreets, and wandering, I ſcarcely knew whither, ſoon arrived at the thickeſt of the ſilent retreat. O ye gods! how delightful proved the gloomy ſcene to a ſoul impreſſed with feelings not leſs ſolemn!

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The gentle zephyrs ſlept amidſt the drooping leaves, whoſe edges, tinged with various colours from the ſetting ſun, were reflected on the placid ſurface of a ſilent brook. The ſcattered ſheep grazed in ſecurity beneath the refreſhing ſhade; and all nature ſeemed to enjoy a repoſe, to me, alas! too long unknown. Delighted beyond conception with the charming ſpot, I extended myſelf at the foot of a ſpreading oak: But, O imagination, how great is thy ſway! Scarcely had I enjoyed a moment's reſt, when a gentle ſlumber ſtole over my troubled ſenſes—The ſoft murmurs of melodious muſic floated in the air; when turning to ſee from whence it proceeded, I beheld a celeſtial being deſcend on a gilded cloud, and ſtand before me. Her wings were as ſilver; her raiment white as the ſnow that falls undiſturbed on the top of the Alpine mountains; her fair cheeks poſſeſſed all the graces of an aerial ſpirit. Aſtoniſhed at the ſudden appearance of ſo lovely a being, I endeavoured to haſten from the enchanted ſpot; when ſuddenly waving her ſlender wand, ſhe thus addreſſed me:—"Stay, penſive youth: I am acquainted with your woes, and have beheld both their cauſe and effect. If you imagine to meet with felicity on earth, you will be greatly diſappointed; for this is merely a pilgrimage—a place wherein we are ſent to prepare for another and a better world. The hope of gaining happineſs here is vain and deluſive. Let religion be your only guide and ſupport; in her view the wonders, love, and condeſcenſion, of a juſt and almighty Being, on whom alone you muſt fix your affections, and truſt to receive thoſe pleaſures which bloom for ever in eternity, unmoleſted by the ſtings of envy, or the tempeſtuous paſſions of a vicious world. Look for a moment around, and behold how many of your friends are daily dropping into the regions of the dead; whoſe hopes, perhaps, for earthly felicity, were not leſs ſanguine than your own. But did they obtain their end?—ah! *no*. Could you enquire of their departed ſpirits they would tell you *no*—but that all was vanity, and that their happineſs had been as an empty bubble, toſſed on the billows of a raging ocean. Follow, therefore, my advice, and ſtudy to deſerve the hidden treaſures of religion, which produce a chearful contentment in this life, and an eternal happineſs in the world to come."

Having thus ſpoken, the celeſtial being again diſappeared, and I awoke to the renewal of my woes: But believe me, my deareſt friend, this ſeaſonable advice not a little alleviated their ponderous weight; for I was perfectly conſcious of the truths I had heard, and returned home with a heart leſs dejected than uſual; reſolving in my ſoul to follow the dictates of religion, and ſo obtain ſuch felicity as we are incapable of enjoying on earth.

F. H.

LETTER

LETTER *from a* NEGLECTED PERSONAGE.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

AS, from the general conduct of your publication, and the innocence of the entertainment it affords, you ſeem to be no ſtranger to me, and have liſtened rather oftener to what I ſuggeſted than ſome of your cotemporaries, I have thought proper to give you the preference in this addreſs, depending upon your uſual candour to admit the complaint of a correſpondent who, for ſome reaſon or other, has been of late much leſs attended to than, he flatters himſelf, he deſerves.

It is as well known a fact, as that the ſun ſhines at mid-day, that I am the friend of mankind—not of this nation or that, but of mankind in general, wherever diſperſed; and I believe I am the only philanthropiſt upon a great ſcale, who have nothing in me of affectation, but really perform the good which I profeſs, and diſappoint no man's expectations. Theſe are ſtrong claims to notice, but I am ſorry to ſay it is moſt ſhamefully diſregarded by many perſons of all ranks of life, much to their own detriment; for what, alas! can they do to me, except perhaps ſilencing me for a little while, which only makes me break out with more impetuoſity, when I catch any of my enemies *alone?*

Perfectly aware, as I am, that he who ſets up as an adviſer of the young and the gay, the ambitious or the covetous, performs but an unwelcome ſervice, I have ever confined myſelf to gentle hints, which if taken, would, I am certain, have prevented much miſchief. I vainly thought that this would have recommended me to general attention. I likewiſe made it a point to give theſe hints in the moſt private manner poſſible, at a time when nobody but the party and myſelf were privy to what was in agitation. There could ſurely be no harm, therefore, in giving up a purſuit which had neither been promiſed nor communicated to any one, and the pernicious conſequences of which I fully ſtated on my firſt viſit. Yet even in ſuch caſes, I have failed, partly from the ſtrength of the temptation being ſuperior to the force of my arguments, and partly from ſome perſons being ſo deaf or inſenſible that I never could fully obtain a hearing.

But one principal reaſon why my admonitions are ſo contemptuouſly forgot is, that thoſe on whom I beſtow them ſo frequently run into the company of certain perſons (of whom there are not a few in this metropolis) who make a mock of every thing I ſay, and have a number of jeering ſtories and jokes at my expence, which they retail with infinite glee, and in a moment deſtroy the deepeſt impreſſions I have been able to make. Their way is this; they ſay, "Don't liſten to that fellow (meaning me), you will be reckoned a ſneaking and a mean-ſpirited cha-

rafter if you do; and in order to prevent his (that is my) importunity, don't commit yourſelf in private with him; don't let him catch you alone; and that you may be the more on your guard, we will give you a piece of information reſpecting this fellow, which will be of great ſervice to you. Whether he be in debt, and purſued by bailiffs, or not, we are uncertain; but the fact is, that he generally calls on thoſe with whom he would wiſh to converſe, on *Sundays*. Take care you are never at home, on that day; or if you cannot be denied, be ſure you have company, and that is what he moſt diſlikes, ſo you may eaſily get rid of him.—Another circumſtance that confirms us in the opinion that he is afraid of being ſeen, is this; he frequently calls at midnight, when to be ſure one cannot ſo eaſily be denied, but ſtill if you are peremptory, he will at length take a refuſal, and this you may give him by laughing in his face, or humming a tune, or ſometimes by drinking a bottle of wine, all which things he hates, and will become ſulky, and go about his buſineſs; but he is extremely troubleſome, if you will condeſcend to liſten to all his whims and ſcruples. You would not be able to live a month with him. He makes people abſolute ſlaves."

Now, Mr. Editor, in this advice there is ſome truth and ſome falſehood, which of all the ways that can poſſibly be contrived to make bad advice palatable, or tell a ſcandalous ſtory with effect, is the beſt. A man will naturally ſay, "Part of this I know by experience to be true, and I have a right to think all the reſt is ſo." But why not as well conclude, "Part of this I know to be *falſe*, and all the reſt may be ſo." The one concluſion is ſurely as logical as the other. But as I wiſh to ſtand fair in your opinion, and that of your readers, I will explain the matter as well as I can, and ſeparate the truth from the falſehood with impartiality, if one may be allowed to be impartial in his own cauſe.

That I viſit principally on *Sundays* is moſt true, but not for the reaſon aſſigned, namely, that the deranged ſtate of my affairs will not allow me to go abroad on any other day. The fact is, I converſe with many hundreds every day in the week, but Sunday is a day which, it is well known to perſons who know hiſtory, was originally eſtabliſhed as my grand viſiting day; and I do not ſpeak it from vanity, whoever keeps up the ancient cuſtom of admitting my viſits on that day, will moſt freely confeſs the pleaſure it affords, and the profit it derives to him all the reſt of the week. Such perſons allow that their worldly affairs proſper better, that they are enabled to be more regular, ſyſtematic, and punctual, than others who have expelled that day from their calendar; in a word, that they acquire that very neceſſary piece of knowledge, the knowledge of what *they are about*, for want of which ſo many fall into difficulties almoſt inextricable.

Now,

Now, Sir, the frequency of my viſits is complained of. Is once a week ſo very frequent, or are three or four minutes at a time ſuch a vaſt ſpace that it cannot be ſpared from the four and twenty hours? But, Sir, the truth is, I am not an importunate viſitor. I know how and when to keep my diſtance, as well as the beſt-bred perſonage in the kingdom. I do not come without a call. I do not viſit where every thing is going on well, and happily. I am not for the ſunſhine only. My buſineſs is to ſet right what is wrong, and correct what is amiſs. And how do I do this? Like ſome of your modern advice-givers, after the miſchief is done and paſt remedy? Do I come with a long face, and an affected ſtrain of ſentimental pity and compaſſion for what cannot be helped? No—I do not, indeed, deny but that I ſometimes viſit on ſuch occaſions; but my general way is *foreſight* and *prevention*. I ſuggeſt what *may* be wrong, what *may* be hurtful, and how it *may* be averted; and, as obſerved before, I ſuggeſt it in private, in a ſort of whiſper, if I may uſe the term, when I get the party aſide; and I do this with a view to prevent his being expoſed in company, or to the world at large, in the character either of a rogue or a fool, or a mixture of both, which I think of late has become very common. Nor do I ever detain any man long, not a moment more than is neceſſary; he muſt be wonderfully buſy indeed, who cannot ſpare all the time that I want. I cannot ſay that it "is a word and a blow" with me, but it certainly is a ſhort argument and immediate conviction; and how ſome people contrive to get rid of this ſo ſoon after, is truly wonderful, but is no buſineſs of mine to enquire, farther than that it is my duty to minute it down in a book, and read it afterward to the party.

This laſt part of my duty is, I know very groſsly miſrepreſented. It is ſaid I ſometimes read over ſuch long accounts as drive people mad. But is the fault mine? Is it the fault of a creditor that his debtor goes mad becauſe he ſhows him a bill, containing every item that he owes? Are men ſuch fools as not to know that the longer they delay payment, and continue their cuſtom, the longer the account muſt be? I certainly do minute down every item of neglect, but where my advice is *upon the main* taken, I am not very nice about trifles, and ſometimes where I am liſtened to with reſpect in a matter of great importance, I think it ſufficient to cancel a great many little matters. To thoſe, however, who run on a long ſcore, without the leaſt intention of liquidating, I am not ſo merciful, and however they may affect to treat me with contempt, and run into companies, as large as mobs, to avoid me, they know perfectly well that if I can catch them alone, I *will* be heard.

And this, by the way, in theſe days of matrimonial uncleanneſs, may have probably brought my character a little in queſtion, with certain ſneerers. You muſt know that among other

perſons whom I attempt to viſit, are ſundry perſons of high rank and diſtinction, and it has been ſaid that even the *bed-rooms* of the ladies are not free from my intruſion, and that I have been ſometimes detected on the pillow of a ducheſs, whom I would not allow to have a moment's ſleep. All this may be interpreted into gallantry, but thoſe who know my character beſt will do me the juſtice to allow that I am the greateſt enemy to ſuch vices, and if I go into bed-rooms at all (which I am rarely permitted to do) it is with the honeſt intention to preſerve the chaſtity of females and the honour of families, and I have authority from the Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's-Bench, to ſay, that if I had oftener been found in ladies' bed-rooms, he would not have had the mortification to witneſs ſo many inſtances of groſs licentiouſneſs as have lately been preſented before him. Similar encomiums have been paid to me by the Lord High Chancellor, ſeveral of the biſhops, and ſome very virtuous lay-lords. Theſe things might ſeem flattering—I mention them only with a view to vindicate myſelf. All I wiſh is a *fair hearing*, but if that be denied, in one way or other, I beg leave to repeat it, I *will* be heard.

Next to my viſiting on Sundays, it has been objected to me that I viſit at night, and at unſeaſonable hours. This objection is eaſily repelled. Thoſe who complain that my hours are unſeaſonable, can remedy the matter by appointing others that are more ſeaſonable. But the fact is, they who make this complaint, which is mere cant, a looſe way of ſpeaking without any meaning, know very well that if left to themſelves, they would have no ſeaſonable hours for *me*. With reſpect to night, it is true I do venture to call then, and why? Becauſe I cannot find the party diſengaged at any other time. I have frequently experienced buſineſs-hours very improper for my viſits; and hours of company and pleaſure equally unfit. Then indeed I am liable to be kicked out, or what is a more common way of frightening me away, have a bottle or two thrown at my head. As to public entertainments, it cannot be ſuppoſed that a perſonage of my gravity would like to be ſeen at them, yet I have now and then peeped in, and in my brief and abrupt way, have given a few hints, which have not been unſerviceable.

The truth is, Sir, I do not diſdain to go to any place where I think I may do good; I truſt many have found me on 'Change before now, and I have aſſiſted at ſome bargains, which the parties, very eminent merchants, afterward confeſſed were the moſt profitable they ever made. I never object to men acquiring wealth. It is a groſs miſrepreſentation to ſay that I do. All I condition for is, that they come honeſtly by them, and if they reject my advice on this head, they are at leaſt certain to find my prophecy true, that their riches will do them no good.

Now, Sir, the frequency of my viſits is complained of. Is once a week ſo very frequent, or are three or four minutes at a time ſuch a vaſt ſpace that it cannot be ſpared from the four and twenty hours? But, Sir, the truth is, I am not an importunate viſitor. I know how and when to keep my diſtance, as well as the beſt-bred perſonage in the kingdom. I do not come without a call. I do not viſit where every thing is going on well, and happily. I am not for the ſunſhine only. My buſineſs is to ſet right what is wrong, and correct what is amiſs. And how do I do this? Like ſome of your modern advice-givers, after the miſchief is done and paſt remedy? Do I come with a long face, and an affected ſtrain of ſentimental pity and compaſſion for what cannot be helped? No—I do not, indeed, deny but that I ſometimes viſit on ſuch occaſions; but my general way is *foreſight* and *prevention*. I ſuggeſt what *may* be wrong, what *may* be hurtful, and how it *may* be averted; and, as obſerved before, I ſuggeſt it in private, in a ſort of whiſper, if I may uſe the term, when I get the party aſide; and I do this with a view to prevent his being expoſed in company, or to the world at large, in the character either of a rogue or a fool, or a mixture of both, which I think of late has become very common. Nor do I ever detain any man long, not a moment more than is neceſſary; he muſt be wonderfully buſy indeed, who cannot ſpare all the time that I want. I cannot ſay that it "is a word and a blow" with me, but it certainly is a ſhort argument and immediate conviction; and how ſome people contrive to get rid of this ſo ſoon after, is truly wonderful, but is no buſineſs of mine to enquire, farther than that it is my duty to minute it down in a book, and read it afterward to the party.

This laſt part of my duty is, I know very groſsly miſrepreſented. It is ſaid I ſometimes read over ſuch long accounts as drive people mad. But is the fault mine? Is it the fault of a creditor that his debtor goes mad becauſe he ſhows him a bill, containing every item that he owes? Are men ſuch fools as not to know that the longer they delay payment, and continue their cuſtom, the longer the account muſt be? I certainly do minute down every item of neglect, but where my advice is *upon the main* taken, I am not very nice about trifles, and ſometimes where I am liſtened to with reſpect in a matter of great importance, I think it ſufficient to cancel a great many little matters. To thoſe, however, who run on a long ſcore, without the leaſt intention of liquidating, I am not ſo merciful, and however they may affect to treat me with contempt, and run into companies, as large as mobs, to avoid me, they know perfectly well that if I can catch them alone, I *will* be heard.

And this, by the way, in theſe days of matrimonial uncleanneſs, may have probably brought my character a little in queſtion, with certain ſneerers. You muſt know that among other

perſons whom I attempt to viſit, are ſundry perſons of high rank and diſtinction, and it has been ſaid that even the *bed-rooms* of the ladies are not free from my intruſion, and that I have been ſometimes detected on the pillow of a ducheſs, whom I would not allow to have a moment's ſleep. All this may be interpreted into gallantry, but thoſe who know my character beſt will do me the juſtice to allow that I am the greateſt enemy to ſuch vices, and if I go into bed-rooms at all (which I am rarely permitted to do) it is with the honeſt intention to preſerve the chaſtity of females and the honour of families, and I have authority from the Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's-Bench, to ſay, that if I had oftener been found in ladies' bed-rooms, he would not have had the mortification to witneſs ſo many inſtances of groſs licentiouſneſs as have lately been preſented before him. Similar encomiums have been paid to me by the Lord High Chancellor, ſeveral of the biſhops, and ſome very virtuous lay-lords. Theſe things might ſeem flattering—I mention them only with a view to vindicate myſelf. All I wiſh is a *fair hearing*, but if that be denied, in one way or other, I beg leave to repeat it, I *will* be heard.

Next to my viſiting on Sundays, it has been objected to me that I viſit at night, and at unſeaſonable hours. This objection is eaſily repelled. Thoſe who complain that my hours are unſeaſonable, can remedy the matter by appointing others that are more ſeaſonable. But the fact is, they who make this complaint, which is mere cant, a looſe way of ſpeaking without any meaning, know very well that if left to themſelves, they would have no ſeaſonable hours for *me*. With reſpect to night, it is true I do venture to call then, and why? Becauſe I cannot find the party diſengaged at any other time. I have frequently experienced buſineſs-hours very improper for my viſits; and hours of company and pleaſure equally unfit. Then indeed I am liable to be kicked out, or what is a more common way of frightening me away, have a bottle or two thrown at my head. As to public entertainments, it cannot be ſuppoſed that a perſonage of my gravity would like to be ſeen at them, yet I have now and then peeped in, and in my brief and abrupt way, have given a few hints, which have not been unſerviceable.

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With reſpect to my night viſits, of which ſo much has been ſaid, I repeat it that I viſit at night only two deſcriptions of perſons, thoſe whom I cannot find in the day, and thoſe who do not ſtand in need of my aſſiſtance; the latter I viſit only to applaud, and to procure them comfortable reſt after their fatigues, as can be atteſted by many thouſands of the moſt upright and worthy perſons in the kingdom. The former I am deſirous to viſit when I can, and if I were to wait for what they call ſeaſonable hours, I might wait to little purpoſe. Much pains are taken to keep me out, I know, and that not unſucceſsfully. I certainly *may* be driven away for a time, or ſilenced, notwithſtanding my eloquence, but the triumph over me is but temporary, and I beg it may be conſidered, it is a triumph without a victory. You will, perhaps, ſmile, when I inform you that I am ſometimes reduced to odd ſhifts and manœuvres to get admittance, but you will not I hope think ſuch expedients unlawful, when you reflect on the importance of my object. After being rejected from their doors for years together, and rudely treated even by their menial ſervants, I have got acceſs to ſome perſons by ſlipping in with the phyſician or apothecary, who happened to attend them in ſome diſorder. The faculty, in general, are pretty good friends of mine, although ſome of them, I know, have expreſſed their diſpleaſure with me for making their patients *uneaſy*, as they call it. The clergy however are my very good friends, always treat me with reſpect, and are very willing by every means in their power to make me *quiet*. If any are otherwiſe, it muſt be from ignorance of me, which in a clergyman is a moſt ſhameful defect, and muſt, I humbly think, totally unfit him for the duties of his profeſſion.

The only other objection made againſt me, which I ſhall at preſent notice is, that there "is no *living* with me, and that I make people *ſlaves*, &c." It is eaſy to refute this. It is indeed mere prejudice, and ariſes from miſtaken notions of *living* and of *ſlavery*. No perſons, it can be proved, live ſo well, or ſo happy, as thoſe who are guided by me, and ſo far are they from being ſlaves, that in fact they compoſe all the firm, manly, and independent part of the nation.—But on this I ſhall expatiate in a future letter, if you have no objection to hear a little more from

CONSCIENCE.

London, Auguſt 1, 1801.

MEMOIRS *of* BARON DIMSDALE.

THOMAS DIMSDALE, Baron of the Ruſſian Empire, was the ſon of John and Suſanna Dimſdale, and was born in the pariſh of Thoydon Garnon, near Epping, in the county of Eſſex, on the 29th of May, 1712. His mother was daughter of

of Thomas Bowyer, of Albury Hall, in the parish of Albury, in the county of Hertford. His grandfather, Robert Dimsdale, accompanied William Penn to America, in 1684, and took with him his two sons, John and William; but returning after a residence of a few years, he again fixed himself at Thoydon Garnon; and his eldest son John succeeded him there in the practice of physic, to which profession he had been educated: his second son William was established in the same line, at Bishop Stortford, in the county of Hertford.

His father John Dimsdale, had eight childen, four of whom, Mary, John, William, and Calvert died very young; Susanna and Robert lived to a more advanced age; but Thomas, who was the sixth, and Joseph, who was the seventh child, were the only part of the family who lived to a late period; Joseph dying, after a short illness, on the 26th of April, 1799.

Thomas, the subject of these memoirs, having passed through his school-education, returned to improve himself a few years under his father; and was sent afterwards to St. Thomas's Hospital, in the borough of Southwark, to be instructed as a surgeon. He was first placed under Mr. Symonds, who dying, he continued the remainder of his time under Mr. Girle. He was greatly respected by both of those gentlemen, for his close application in the prosecution of his studies; and he commenced the practice of his profession at Hertford, about the year 1734. In 1739, he married the only daughter of Nathaniel Brassey, of Roxford, near Hertford, who was an eminent banker in London; and was elected member for that borough in four successive parliaments.

He continued diligently to pursue his profession with increasing reputation. In 1744, he had the misfortune to lose his wife, who died, not leaving any children.

In the following year, 1745, to relieve himself under this weighty affliction, his active mind, and his zeal for the success of the army commanded at that time in the north by the Duke of Cumberland, led him to offer his services as a volunteer, and at his own expence to assist the physicians and surgeons of the army, wherever he could be most usefully employed; and he received letters of recommendation to the duke and others: he continued with that army until after the surrender of Carlisle, then in possession of the rebels; after which he again took up his residence at Hertford, and he received the duke's thanks for those services.

In 1746, he married Ann Iles, a relation to his former wife. The ample fortune he already possessed, with the addition he acquired by this marriage, and by the death of Lady Dimsdale, widow of Sir John Dimsdale, of Hertford, induced him to retire from the practice of his profession for some years: however, as his family became numerous, having had ten children,

ſeven of whom were ſtill living, he felt it a duty towards them, to return again to more active life, and he took his degree as a phyſician in 1761.

In a few years, he heard, with others, of the extraordinary ſucceſs of what was called the new method of treating perſons ill of the ſmall-pox, more particularly of patients under inoculation; and with great aſſiduity he made inquiry into the truth of the many improbable reports that were then circulated. He had already long practiſed inoculation with ſucceſs; but without carrying his opinions to the extent that the improved method was ſaid to juſtify; he ſoon found that it allowed of expoſing patients, more particularly during the eruptive fever, to a greater degree of open air and cold than had before been conſidered either ſafe or prudent; and he was impatient to communicate to the world at large the certain ſucceſs with which he became daily more convinced this practice was attended; yet before he committed his ſentiments to writing, he was determined to be clear and correct in an inquiry ſo new that no objections, from authorities the moſt reſpectable, ſhould be able to invalidate his aſſertions. He therefore continued to purſue his object with cloſe attention and accurate obſervations; and in 1776 he publiſhed his treatiſe, on "The preſent Method of inoculating for the Small-pox."

No book was ever received with more expectation or ſatisfaction by the public. It was ſoon circulated on the Continent, and tranſlated into the German, French, Italian, and laſtly, into the Ruſſian language; and it is but juſtice to add, that the obſervation of the author at the end of the chapter, intitled the *Concluſion*, when he ſays "That although the whole proceſs may have ſome ſhare in the ſucceſs, it in my opinion conſiſts chiefly in the method of inoculating with recent fluid matter, and the management of the patients at the time of eruption," is a laſting proof of his foreſight and diſcernment.

From the reputation he had acquired by this treatiſe, from his reſpectability of character and profeſſional merit, it is probable, that an important event ſoon took place which is particularly detailed in a work, publiſhed by him in 1781, intitled, "Tracts on Inoculation," in which an account is given of an invitation to attend on the court of Ruſſia, to inoculate her Imperial Majeſty, Catharine, and her ſon, the Grand Duke; and his conſequent journey to St. Peterſburgh, 1768, accompanied by his ſecond ſon, Nathaniel, for that purpoſe.

It may ſuffice here to add, that both theſe diſtinguiſhed perſonages paſſed through the ſmall-pox, with the greateſt ſucceſs, and he had the ſatisfaction of receiving aſſurances from them at different times of their enjoying better health ſince that event.

Immediately after their recovery, a nobleman of the firſt diſtinction acquainted him with the honourable and generous man-

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ner in which her Imperial Majeſty propoſed to reward his ſervices; particularly that he ſhould be appointed an actual counſellor of ſtate, and phyſician to her Imperial Majeſty, with an annuity of 500l. ſterling; that he ſhould be promoted to the honour and dignity of a baron of the Ruſſian empire; and that the eldeſt of his lawful deſcendants ſhould bear and inherit the ſame title for ever, in perpetual ſucceſſion; that he ſhould receive immediately 10,000l. ſterling, and 2000l. for the expences of his journey to and from St. Peterſburg, and that he ſhould be preſented with miniature pictures of the Empreſs and of the Grand Duke. Her Imperial Majeſty was alſo graciouſly pleaſed to expreſs her approbation of his ſon's attention and good conduct, by conferring the ſame title upon him, to the ſame extent; and the Grand Duke preſented him with a ſuperb gold ſnuff-box, richly ſet with diamonds, as a teſtimony of his regard.

There was further granted to them and their lawful deſcendants, leave and permiſſion, to take, uſe, and add, to their preſent arms, a black wing of the ſpread eagle of the Imperial Ruſſian arms, in a gold ſhield placed in the middle, with the cuſtomary helmet over the ſhield, adorned with the baron's coronet.

After their recovery, a conſiderable number of perſons of the firſt reſpectability were inoculated with ſucceſs at St. Peterſburg; and the ſatisfaction this event afforded, induced her Imperial Majeſty humanely to requeſt of him to undertake a journey to Moſcow for the ſame uſeful purpoſe: this ſtep was immediately adopted, and there alſo many of the nobility and of the principal inhabitants availed themſelves of the maternal attention of the Empreſs to inoculate their children.

The great munificence of the Empreſs on this occaſion was unprecedented; but its value was materially enhanced by the unbounded confidence ſhe was pleaſed to place in him. She invited him ſtrongly to continue to reſide as her phyſician in Ruſſia, aſſuring him that every circumſtance of accommodation that he could wiſh for his family and himſelf ſhould be fully complied with. His anxiety to return made him decline theſe very honourable offers: and on his journey he was much diſtinguiſhed by the attentions he received. When he paſſed through Berlin, the late Frederick the Third invited him by his prime miniſter, to an audience at Potſdam; accordingly on the following day he and his ſon went thither, and were received in private at the palace of Sans Souci with the greateſt condeſcenſion. He alſo, at this time, received invitations to inoculate ſeveral diſtinguiſhed perſonages on the Continent, but he preferred returning immediately to England, and reſumed the practice of his profeſſion at Hertford.

In 1779 he loſt his wife, with whom he had lived with great happineſs and domeſtic comfort for 33 years: ſhe left him ſeven children:

children: he afterwards married Elizabeth Dimſdale, daughter of William Dimſdale of Biſhop's Stortford, who is ſtill living. In 1780 he was choſen a repreſentative in Parliament for the borough of Hertford; ſoon after which election he declined the practice of his profeſſion; but he at no time withheld his advice and aſſiſtance from the poor and helpleſs.

In 1781 he received the commands of the Empreſs of Ruſſia to attend again at St. Peterſburg, to inoculate the two ſons of the Grand Duke, the Princes Alexander and Conſtantine: he accordingly ſet out immediately, accompanied by the baroneſs. On his journey, as he paſſed through Bruſſels, the late Emperor of Germany, Joſeph, who was then there, expreſſed a deſire to ſee him, and he accordingly waited on his Imperial Majeſty, who received him in private, with the greateſt aſſurances of his regard, and gave him a convincing proof of his confidence, by writing a letter in his preſence, which he entruſted to his care, to be delivered to the Empreſs of Ruſſia on his arrival.

He was received at St. Peterſburg by the Empreſs and the Grand Duke with every teſtimony of kindneſs and eſteem: he happily ſucceeded in both theſe inoculations, and was again moſt liberally rewarded by the extreme bounty of her Imperial Majeſty. The baroneſs was alſo preſented with a ſuperb ſnuff-box in gold ſet with diamonds.

In 1784 he was re-elected repreſentative for the borough of Hertford:—in the year 1790 he retired from that reſpectable ſituation, and his ſon Baron Nathaniel Dimſdale was elected to ſucceed him.

After this time he made Bath the place of his winter reſidence for ſome years, but of late he had retired to Hertford altogether, where he lived in the midſt of his family and friends; and expired at the advanced age of 89 years, on the 30th of December, 1800, after an illneſs of about three weeks.

About 17 years ago, after having for a few years been ſenſible of the loſs of the ſight of one of his eyes, the ſtrength of both of which had been remarkable in his youth; he had the additional misfortune to feel the other eye conſiderably impaired, and he very rapidly loſt the ſight of that altogether: he had the operation for extracting the cataract performed by Baron Wenzell with great ſucceſs, and enjoyed his ſight to the day of his death.

From what has been already ſtated, it will be ſcarcely neceſſary to add, that he was a perſon of great activity both of body and mind. He was happy in poſſeſſing a placid, mild, and even diſpoſition, and ever felt intereſted in promoting the peace and welfare of ſociety, and in cultivating a friendly good underſtanding with all mankind: but, above all, it may be ſaid of him, that through a long life, he bore and merited the character of an honeſt man; and as ſuch was reſpected and regretted by a

very numerous acquaintance of all ranks of ſociety. He was a member of the Royal Society, and a vice-preſident of the Bath Agricultural Society.

His remains were depoſited on the 6th day of January, 1801, in the burial-ground of friends (the Quakers), at Biſhop Stortford, in the county of Hertford, in which ſociety he had been educated, and where his anceſtors were buried.

Sailing on Land; or, a Humorous Equeſtrian Diſaſter.

A BRITISH ſailor, ſome time ago, having occaſion to take a journey of ten or twelve miles into the country, hired a horſe for that purpoſe, and having never been on horſeback before, he aſked one of his meſſmates how he ſhould conduct himſelf. The latter told him, all that he had to do, was to take care the horſe did not *run away with him.* The other began to conſider how he ſhould avoid ſuch a miſchance, and at laſt hit on a ſcheme for that purpoſe. He took a ſmall anchor belonging to one of the boats, and having fixed ten or twelve fathom of rope to it, he tied one end of the rope about the horſe's neck, and took the anchor up beforehim, to be ready for caſting in caſe of any diſaſter. The horſe went very well for the firſt four or five miles, till feeling himſelf galled by the rubbing of the anchor on his neck, he ſet off in full ſpeed, and our equeſtrian finding himſelf in danger, determined to *bring up.* He therefore let go the anchor, and the horſe having run out his cable, brought up with ſuch a jerk, that he threw his rider five or ſix yards before him, diſlocated his ſhoulder, and cured him effectually of any wiſh to make further improvements in the art of *ſailing on land!*

A POPULAR STANZA WELL APPLIED.

HORACE WALPOLE wrote a catalogue of *royal and noble authors; the witty ſpeeches* which have been made by *royal and noble perſonages*, from the earlieſt times to the preſent, perhaps would fill a ſufficient number of pages to make *a thin pamphlet.* One of the beſt that has been recorded, was by the late Duke of York,—who ſoon after his brother's acceſſion, went one morning to St. James's in a very dejected ſtate: the king, with great good nature aſked him what ailed him,—why he was ſo low ſpirited, &c. "Why I am ſo low ſpirited," ſaid the duke, "who can be otherwiſe that is in my ſituation?—eternally teazed by my creditors, and not a penny to pay them!" The king directly opened his eſcrutoire, and preſented him with a bank note, in which the duke very deliberately read aloud as follows—"*The Governor and Company of the Bank of England,—*

land,—promiſe to pay to Daniel Race or bearer, one thouſand pounds!" at which word, without waiting to return his thanks, or making the cuſtomary *congee*, he ſtalked out of the room, ſinging in a very loud voice, and a chearful key,—

" God ſave great George our King,
" Long live our noble King,—God ſave the King;
" Send him victorious,—happy and glorious,
" Long to reign over us,—God ſave the King!"

The CONTENDING MISERS.

MR. GUY, who was the founder of the noble hoſpital that bears his name in the borough of Southwick, was as remarkable for his private parſimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a ſolid proof-ſheet, or an old newſpaper was his conſtant ſubſtitute for a table-cloth.

It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening ſitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers confined within the narrow precincts of a brick-ſtove, and without any candle, a perſon who came to enquire for him was introduced, and after the firſt compliments were paſſed, and the gueſt requeſted to take a ſeat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing-candle which lay ready on the table by him, and deſired to know the purport of the gentleman's viſit. The viſitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortaliſed by Pope, in the lines—

" When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
" The wretch, that living, ſav'd a candle's end, &c."

" I have been told (ſaid Hopkins), that you, Sir, are better verſed in the prudent and neceſſary art of *ſaving*, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a leſſon of frugality; an art, in which I uſed to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my ſuperior."—" And is that all you come about? (ſaid Guy,) why then, we can talk this matter over in the dark:" So ſaying, he with great deliberation extinguiſhed his new-lighted farthing-candle. Struck with this inſtance of economy, Hopkins roſe up, acknowledged himſelf convinced of the other's ſuperior thrift, and took his leave.

A REFLECTION.

THE man who wiſhes to enter into matrimony with prudence will greatly prefer neatneſs to finery.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the City Coffee-Houſe was firſt opened in London, Dr. Samuel Johnſon frequently called there; and one morning obſerving a large book upon the table, took it up, and, after inſpecting it with great attention, he found it to be Minſhew's Dictionary of Twelve Languages; upon which he turned round to the maſter of the houſe, and aſked him, "What uſe *he* could have for ſuch a book?"—"To amuſe literary gentlemen," was the reply. "Do you underſtand any of theſe languages?" "I find it a very difficult taſk, Sir, to underſtand my own, and I am not poſſeſſed of the erudition of a Johnſon." Dr. Johnſon looked at him ſtedfaſtly, and replied, "Sir, you are a very impudent fellow." "Sir, I am ſorry you think ſo," replied the man, "I hope we ſhall both of us mend our manners." On this the Doctor drank his chocolate, and marched out of the houſe."

Short ACCOUNT *of* GENERAL HUTCHINSON.

THIS gentleman, who now commands the Britiſh army in Egypt, is the ſecond ſon of the late provoſt of Trinity College, Dublin, and next brother to Lord Donoughmore. His military ſpirit led him, when very young, into the ſervice of his ſovereign, and when major of an Highland regiment in the laſt war, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf much by the prudence and intrepidity with which he quelled a very alarming mutiny. When the preſent war began he had the rank of lieutenant-colonel; but his regiment being reduced, he was upon the half-pay liſt. He ſolicited to be employed in the campaign in Flanders, under the Duke of York; but being upon half-pay, his rank was found incompatible with any other ſervice than that in which he volunteered as aide-de-camp to Sir R. Abercromby. In that ſituation he attracted and ſecured the eſteem of his gallant commander: on his return to Ireland, he was placed upon the ſtaff of general officers, and had aſſigned to him during the rebellion the important diſtrict of Connaught, where his conduct was highly applauded; and but for the unfortunate circumſtances attending the troops he commanded, he would probably have defeated the French force which took poſſeſſion of Caſtlebar. For ſome time after that event he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ſenate, as a repreſentative for the city of Cork, and a zealous advocate for the Union. Upon the projection of the preſent expedition to Egypt, he was, with the other generals employed under Sir Ralph Abercromby, ſelected as an officer fit for that important ſervice. The event has ſhewn that his talents are equal to the critical ſituation in which he is placed.

Anſwer, by J. R. Toulmin, to Juvenis's Rebus, inſerted June 8.

TAUNTON's the town, thou youth of fame!
That your initials plainly name.

† Similar anſwers have been received from C. B. W. near Taunton; W. S. J. Hill, H. Humphreys, L. H. and P. Gove, of Exeter; Bibliopolus, of Taunton; and T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton.

Anſwer, by Bibliopolus, of Taunton, to J. Whittle's Charade, inſerted June 8.

WHO can't your charade clearly ſee,
Let him for e'er a BLOCKHEAD be.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from L. H. J. Hill, Philip Gove, J. Squance, and H. Humphries, of Exeter; C. B. W. near Taunton; and R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton.

Anſwer, by J. Hill, of Exeter, to W. England's Rebus, inſerted June 8.

COME let us join poetic lays,
To ſing fam'd CHURCHILL's well-earn'd praiſe.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, H. Humphreys, L. H. and J. Squance, of Exeter.

A CHARADE, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

MY firſt is us'd to ſeaſon things;
My ſecond is a tree;
And when theſe parts aright are join'd
A town my whole will be.

A CHARADE, *by E. Penney, of Aſhburton.*

MY firſt will ſhew what ſoldiers do
When they prepare to fight;
And if that we ſhould hindered be
My next 'twill bring to light.
I think the whole, ingenious gents!
Is unto ſome an ornament.

An ENIGMA, *by T. Webber, Jun. of Tiverton.*

I In the ſtreets am always ſeen,
And often in the leat;
I oft appear upon the green,
Tho' ne'er am known to ſpeak.
In rivers too I do abound;
And what might ſeem more ſtrange,
At times I'm in your bodies found,
Tho' ſometimes in th'exchange.
And when gay damſels would appear
Enchanting to your view,
Me they admire, delight to wear,
I've ſuch a brilliant hue.
Ingenious youths, without ought more,
Sure you can tell my name;
With eaſe you will theſe lines explore,
And bring me forth to fame.

POETRY.

To Eliza, on her Return, after a long Abſence.

WELCOME to thy huſband's breaſt,
Deareſt earthly treaſure come!
Now my widow'd heart's at reſt,
Dear Eliza! welcome home!

Frequent, round the lonely cot,
Loud has howl'd the winter's blaſt,
But all the ſtorms are now forgot,
Eliza comes, and gloom is paſt.

So e'en beneath the drifting ſnows
The crocus rears its golden form;
And, like ſincere affection, grows
The richer from the drifting ſtorm.

Tender children all have ſtriven
To ſoften ſeparation's pain:
A thouſand pleaſures they have given;
Their efforts have not been in vain.

But ſtill my heart a vacuum felt,
Eliza I could no where ſee;
And whereſo'er my body dwelt,
My ſpirit wing'd its way to thee.

Gloomy winter diſappearing,
Rolls its murky clouds away;
Flowers and ſuns our vallies cheering,
Eliza coming, all is gay.

Welcome, deareſt woman! home,
Sweet ſoother of my heart and life;
To this fond boſom once more come,
My ſoul's deſire, my lovely wife.

Again affection's arm ſhall bear,
Or up the hill, or thro' the vale,
And each from each, delighted, hear,
Of wedded love, the tender tale.

If Heaven permit, thus, many a day,
With children at their ſide,
Along the green and flowery way,
Edmund will lead his happy bride.

Low, dear Eliza! let us kneel,
Preſerving mercy here adore,
And never, never may we feel
So long a ſeparation more!

Sidbury Vale.

ODE *to the* SKY-LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the ſkies,
Soon as morning's purple dyes
O'er the eaſtern mountains float,
Waken'd by thy merry note,
Thro' the fields of yellow corn,
That Merſey's winding banks adorn,
Or green meads I gaily paſs,
And lightly bruſh the dewy graſs.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
And warbling wild notes die away;
I love to mark thy upward flight,
And ſee thee leſſen from my ſight:
Then, ended thy ſweet madrigal,
Sudden, ſwift I ſee thee fall.
With weary'd wing, and beating breaſt,
Near thy chirping younglings' neſt.

Ah! who that hears thee carol free
Thoſe jocund notes of liberty,
And ſees thee independent ſoar,
With gladſome wing, the blue ſky o'er,
In wiry cage would thee reſtrain;
To pant for liberty in vain;
And ſee thee 'gainſt thy priſon grate
Thy little wings indignant beat,
And peck and flutter round and round
Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound;
And yet not ope thy priſon door,
To give thee liberty once more.

None, none, but he whoſe vicious eye
The charms of nature can't enjoy;
Who dozes thoſe ſweet hours away,
When thou begin'ſt thy merry lay;
And 'cauſe his lazy limbs refuſe
To tread the meadow's morning dews,
And there thy early wild notes hear
He keeps thee lonely priſoner.
Not ſuch am I, ſweet warbler; no,
For ſhould thy ſtrains as ſweetly flow,
As ſweetly flow, as gaily ſound,
Within thy priſon's wiry bound,
As when thou ſoar'ſt with lovers' pride,
And pour'ſt thy wild notes far and wide
Yet ſtill deprived of every ſcene,
The yellow lawn, the meadow green,
The hawthorn buſh beſprink't with dew
The ſkyey lake, the mountain blue,
Not half the charms thoudſt'd have
for me,
As ranging wide at liberty.

Liverpool. WM. SMYTHE.

Elegy on the Miſeries of Genius.

ALLUR'D by fame's fantaſtic views
The poet quits his calm retreat;

And envied comfort in his muſe,
And from his cottage bends his feet.

Superior genius deck'd his mind,
Enrich'd with learning's hiddenlore;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
With luſtre beam'd unheard before.

Hard was his lot, his birth obſcure,
Contracted in a narrow ſphere;
Born fortune's buffets to endure,
And all his wants with virtue cheer.

Yet he had known the ſweets of fate,
And taſted her bewitching bowl;
His genius rais'd aloft his name,
And lively fancy wrapt his ſoul.

His talents rare, above his fate,
His mind with diſcontentment fill;
To envy grandeur's ſlippery ſtate,
And laſſe ambition's hopes inſtil.

Alas! will genius e'er ſupply
The place of knowledge, prudence, care,
Or meditation's thoughtful eye,
Or bid us life's ſharp rocks beware?

In diſſipation he deſtroys
His calmneſs and delights ſerene;
His induſtry contented cloys,
And riot wild diſtorts his mien.

Yet never fail'd his country's love,
But in his heart, inſpiring theme!
Superior virtue! all above
It reign'd triumphant and ſupreme.

Thrice generous nature! he would wield,
When foes invading dar'd to threat,
Th' avenging ſpear, the lance and ſhield;
How high his patriot-heart would beat!

Within the ranks, the banners near,
He foremoſt ſtood in war array;
One hand uprear'd the fatal ſpear,
And one the pen for martial lay.

Yet virtue ſuch as his entail'd
But cold neglect and want and woe;
The efforts of his muſe had fail'd,
And every neighbour was his foe.

Unhappy fate! ungrateful ſoil!
Which ſuffer genius to expire,
And waſte in vain its midnight toil,
Or breathe in vain poetic fire.

Ye rich! behold his poor abode;
In garret vile, alas! he hides:
Oppreſs'd with dire misfortune's load,
Life's tardy hours he often chides.

Go, and with looks complacent hail,
Ye wealthy of his native land!
True genius languiſhing in gaol,
And reſcue with benignant hand.

Behold his ſcanty bed of ſtraw,
His dungeon dark diſtracts his brain:
Oh! dire inexorable law!
Hard as his adamantine chain.

He ſues in vain, he's borne away,
Alas! a victim to deſpair;
To cruel ſcorn and want a prey,
With maniacs life's laſt pang to ſhare.

In frantic mood he rolls his eyes,
Confin'd within the maniac's walls:
To ſacred miſery pour your ſighs,
In death he ſtill unpitied falls.

JAMES L. MOORE, (Cl.)
Maſter of the Grammar-School,
Hertford, Herts.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Lines written amidſt the Groves of Mount Edgcumbe.

HOW ſoftly ſighs the balmy breeze
While ev'ry leaf, in gentle motion,
Scarce trembles on the bending tree
That cheerleſs ſhade the murmuring ocean.

Alas! what awful ſcenes around!
What winding walks and lonely bowers!
How ſtrangely well this gloom profound
Deceives the lover's hapleſs hours.

Ye ſcenes! well-ſuited to my heart,
Thro' thoſe your dark receſſes ſtraying,
I'll all my ſecret woes impart,
For ever on my boſom preying.

O Celia! cauſe of all my care,
Too oft my reſtleſs ſpirit grieving,
Can ſcarce believe that one ſo fair,
Could prove ſo falſe and to deceiving.

Your harden'd heart diſdains my grief,
Unmov'd you ſee me daily languiſh,
And ſcorn to give that kind relief,
Would quickly eaſe a lover's anguiſh.

Adieu! fond hope, a long adieu!
No more a ſcene of ablent pleaſure,
Deſpair beclouds your lovely view
With bitter woes that feel no meaſure.

But ah! religion! pow'r divine!
Your views all trivial cares deſpiſing!
Whilſt ſuppliant at thy heav'nly ſhrine
I find new hopes, new charms ariſing.

All earthly joys muſt ſoon decay,
For death that trifling bliſs will ſever;
But Heaven can boaſt a grand diſplay
Of unknown charms that laſt forever.